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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

With Biographical Introduction

BY
HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

VOL. VI.

B

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mytilene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *Servant to CERIMON.*

LEONINE, *Servant to DIONYZA.*

Marshal.

A Pander; and BOULT, *his Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

DIONYZA, *Wife to CLEON.*

THAISA, *Daughter to SIMONIDES.*

MARINA, *Daughter to PERICLES and THAISA.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to MARINA.*

DIANA.

A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various Countries.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales ;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
The purchase is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light. —
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;
The fairest in all Syria, —
I tell you what mine authors say :
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke : —
Bad child ; worse father ! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none :
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame

Made many princes thither frame
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCH. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself ;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must ;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will, then ; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth from whence they came ;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion, then :
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all save that, mayst thou prove prosperous !
In all save that, I wish thee happiness !

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads the Riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild ;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
 But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt;
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
 But, being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
 For that's an article within our law
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
 For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
 Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
 By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
 Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
 All love the womb that their first being bred.
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
 the meaning:

But I will gloze with him.—Young Prince of Tyre,
 Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty days longer we do respite you;
 If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;—
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin I know another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke :
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner ;
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy :
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison and here's gold ;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal.
'Tis done.

My lord,

Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit.*

Ant.

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and as an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say *Prince Pericles is dead.*

Thal. My lord,

If I can get him once within my pistol's length
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit THAL.*] Till Pericles be dead
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—TYRE. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*to those without.*] Let none disturb us.—Why should
this change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,—
The tomb where grief should sleep,—can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus,—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise.
Sit down, sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel.

To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That minister'st a potion unto me

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,

Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;

The rest,—hark in thine ear,—as black as incest:

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears

Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:

And should he doubt it,—as no doubt he doth,—

That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—

To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,

Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,

Who now reprov'st me for it,—

Hel.

Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts

How I might stop this tempest ere it came;

And, finding little comfort to relieve them,

I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,

And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by public war or private treason

Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for awhile,

Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life,

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—TYRE. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I
kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged
at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise
fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what
he would of the king, desired he might know none of his
secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for't: for if a
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of
his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*aside.*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch,—

Thal. [*aside.*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus,—on what cause I know not,—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*aside.*] Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now although I would ;
But since he's gone, the king's ears it must please
He 'scap'd the land to perish on the seas.

I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles ;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us :
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—THARSUS. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are ;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight ;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise :
Those palates who, not us'd to savour hunger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
Those mothers who, to nourse up their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :
Here stands a lord and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor ;
And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;

And make a conquest of unhappiness we,
Whence no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Alc. Then speak as like him's virtuous'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
So tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[Exit

Alc. Welcome in peace, if he on peace consist;
If war, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Set out our ships and number of our men
As, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And thus our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse war-stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Alc. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,—
To whom I give my benison,—
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes: what need speak I?

Dumb show.

Enter, at one side, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; their Trains with them. Enter, at the other, a Gentleman with a letter to PERICLES, who shows it to CLEON, then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES and CLEON with their Trains, severally.

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:

All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [Exit.

SCENE I.—PENTAPOLIS. *An open Place by the Sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

2 *Fish.* Ho, come and bring away the nets!

1 *Fish.* What, Patchbreech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll
fetch thee with a wanion.

3 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that
were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what
pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day,
we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the
porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half
fish half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I
look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live
in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up
the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so
fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor
fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful:
such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave

gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [aside.] A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [aside.] Simonides!

3 Fish. He would purge the land of these drones that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [aside.] How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be not a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see the sea hath cast upon your coast,—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way.

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind
In that vast tennis-court hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll

have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt with Third Fisherman.]

Per. *[aside.]* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Mar'y, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were but my fortunes equal my desires I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.—Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life, *Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;*—and pointed to this brace:—

*For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,—
The which gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.*
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it:
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now 's no ill;
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do you take it, and the gods give thee
good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made
up this garment through the rough seams of the waters:
there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir,
if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best
gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court
myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—PRNTAPOLIS. *A public Way or Platform
leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the
reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your labour, daughter, to explain
The honour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The Second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*
[*The Third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The Fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well enflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The Sixth Knight (PERICLES) passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. *[Exeunt.]*
[Great shouts within, all crying "The mean knight!"]

SCENE III.—PENTAPOLIS. *A Hall of State: a Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here I hope is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you're her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per.

Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim.

Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen

Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;

Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights.

We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa!

Thai.

What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.—

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesies. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]—
Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*]—Pages and lights, to
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—TYRE. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, no; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Will soon to ruin fall,—your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—PENTAPOLIS. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good-morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Knights*.]

Sim. So,

They are well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.—

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*aside*.] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat,—unless it be the king,—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—

[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be,—nor can I think the contrary,—

As great in blood as I myself.—

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one side, with Attendants;
a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter:
he shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES.
Then enter THAISA, with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMON-
IDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and
PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with
LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMON-
IDES, &c.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,—
Fame answering the most strange inquire,—

To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire,—
Which who shall cross?—along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,

Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travail!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie in honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blustering birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudest welcom'd to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works
high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be
cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still
observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly
yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked
and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus!—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—EPHESUS. *A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:

It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this, Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him.—Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[To PHILEMON.]

[Exeunt all but CERIMON.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good-morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good-morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer.

O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich t're about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,—
 Together with my practice,—made familiar
 To me and to my aid the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
 forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

Enter two Servants with a chest.

1 *Serv.* So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

1 *Serv.* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
 'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
 It is a good constraint of fortune that
 It belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—

Did the sea cast it up?

1 *Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
 Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—
 O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
 With bags of spices full! A passport too!—
 Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[Reads from a scroll.]

Here I give to understand.—
 If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
 I, King Pericles, have lost
 This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
 Who finds her, give her burying;
 She was the daughter of a king:
 Besides this treasure for a fee,
 The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
 That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
 For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
 That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:
 Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. [*Exit a Servant.*]
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
 That had nine hours lien dead,
 Who was by good appliances recover'd.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
 The rough and woeful music that we have,
 Cause it to sound, beseech you.
 The viol once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
 The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
 Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
 Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
 Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
 Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens,
 Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
 Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Do appear, to make the world twice rich.—Live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
 Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is
 this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

I Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
 Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
 And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying out THAISA.*]

SCENE III.—THARSUS. *A Room in CLEON's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and Lychorida with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
 My twelvemonths are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
 In a litigious peace. You and your lady
 Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
 Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
 mortally,
 Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
 That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
 hither,
 To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
 The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
 As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
 Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,—whom,
 For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,—here
 I charge your charity withal, leaving her
 The infant of your care; beseeching you
 To give her princely training, that she may be
 Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
 For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,—
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,
 By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
 But if to that my nature need a spur,
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine
 To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
 Your honour and your goodness teach me to't
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the
shore,
Then give you up to the vast Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—EPHESUS. *A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expires.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the aleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,

Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—THARSUS. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't.
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.—
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers ere the sea mar them.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for awhile:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit,
Or my life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*]

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes,
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—MITYLENE. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't,—

Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they are too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes Boul't.

Re-enter BOULT, with MARINA and the Pirates.

Boul't. [*to MARINA.*] Come your ways.—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!—He should have struck, not spoke;—or that these pirates,—Not enough barbarous,—had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*to MAR.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece she meant thee a good turn;

therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Bowl. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawl. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawl. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—THARSUS. *A Room in CLEON's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare!—O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:

If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well.
Of all the faults beneath the heavens the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then :
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough ;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn : her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies :
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short ;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't ;
Making,—to take your imagination,—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus,—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter, at one side, PERICLES with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA, whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'erhower'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S Monument.

The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does,—and swears she'll never stint,—
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visard does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—MITYLENE. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdyhouses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—MITYLENE. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me, her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but,—

Lys. What, prythoe?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk,—never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you:—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note this is an honourable man. [*To MAR., whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty,
Where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perséver in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear from
me
It shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT as LYSIMACHUS is putting up his purse.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper! Your house, But for this virgin that doth prop it, Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! What's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pry'thee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or, rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.—O that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!—
Here, here 's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can
place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.
But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's
no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I
shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee
what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays;
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Ecit.*]

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve
 you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray,
Greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords, with
the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight,—he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him [*PERICLES discovered*]. This was a
Till the disaster that one mortal night [goodly person
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys.

'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

*[He whispers first Lord, who goes off
in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.]*

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys.

O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel.

Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.—
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, with MARINA and
a young Lady.*

Lys.

O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel.

She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one that, were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar.

Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.—

I pray you, turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!—

[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me: 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave,—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that was born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar.

First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name,—as in the rest you said
Thou'st been godlike perfect,—thou'rt the heir of kingdom
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child —
Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus,—
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per.

I embrace you.—

Give me my robes.—I am wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!

The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys.

My lord, I hear. [*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

[*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:—

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding or thou liv'st in woe;

Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*Disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, &c.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To HELICANUS.*]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, [*To LYSIMACHUS.*]

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems

You have been noble towards her.

Lys.

Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then done.

This, my last boon, give me,—

For such kindness must relieve me,—

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child, call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [Faints.

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.—
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.—Look, Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kind-
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well, [*ness*]
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. [*Kneels to THAISA.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom
The gods have shown their power; 'tis he
That can from first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves [queen,
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,—
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,—
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [Exit.

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *Son to GLOSTER.*
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to GLOSTER.*
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
Old Man, *Tenant to GLOSTER.*
Physician.
Fool.
OSWALD, *Steward to GONERIL.*
An Officer *employed by EDMUND.*
Gentleman *attendant on CORDELIA.*
A Herald.
Servants to CORNWALL.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, }
CORDELIA, } *Daughters to LEAR.*

Knights *attending on the KING, Officers, Messengers,*
Soldiers, *and Attendants.*

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State in KING LEAR's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. *[Sennet within.]*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and EDM.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—

Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-
gundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the
matter;

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*aside.*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys

Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [aside.] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. and Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [To COR.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that ma
me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE]
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue

That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To you professed bosoms I commit him:

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon.

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides :
Who cover faults, shame them at last derides.
Well may you prosper !

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most
nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence
to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observa-
tion we have made of it hath not been little : he always
loved our sister most ; and with what poor judgment he
hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever but
slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash ; then must we look to receive from his age not alone
the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but there-
withal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him
as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between
France and him. Pray you, let us hit together : if our
father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears,
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the EARL OF GLOSTER'S Castle.*

Enter EDMUND with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curocity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base!
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it
into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need
to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not
need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from
my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much
as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend either to detain or give it. The
contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this
but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*reads.*] *This policy and reverence of age makes the
world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from
us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle
and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who*

aways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, **EDGAR.**

Hum—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and a brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that sons at perfect age and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut,—I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

Pat!—he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like 'Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king

and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go; there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say I am sick.—
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam: I hear him. [*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.—I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I rais'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter KING LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*—How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou
with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve
him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is
honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little;

to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you and call my fool hither. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—

[Exit.]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. *[Exit a Knight.]*—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel!

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with

that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*—Go you, call hither my fool.

[*Exit another Attendant.*

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whore-son dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes OSWALD out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banish'd two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish. [Singing.]

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung. [Singing.]
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art; I am a fool, thou art

nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [to GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod. [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shaine, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away

These dispositions, which of late transport you

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?

—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—This is not Lear:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied.—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.—

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,

Knowledge, and reason,

I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*to ALB.*] O, sir, are
you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gill. O Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in [Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment o it!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[Exit

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
 this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
 Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee,—Life and death!—I am ashamed

[To GONERIL.

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon
 thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha!

Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever.

[Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[To the Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry,—take the fool
 with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after.

[Exit.]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel. — A hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness, —

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [Exit OSWALD.] — No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, off we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then, —

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — Court before the DUKE OF ALBANY's Palace.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint
my daughter no further with anything you know than
comes from her demand out of the letter. If your dili-
gence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong,—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the EARL OF GLOSTER.**Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.**Edm.* Save thee, Curan.*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.*Edm.* How comes that?*Cur.* Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they?*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?*Edm.* Not a word.*Cur.* You may, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother;

And I have one thing, of a queasy question,

Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;

Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You have now the good advantage of the night.—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?

Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.*Edm.* I hear my father coming:—pardon me;

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—

Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—

Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!—

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could,—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, despatch'd.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:*

*And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. O strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

{ Trumpets within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:—
It is too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night :
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend : art of this house ?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would make
thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a base,
proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound,
filthy, worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-livered, action-taking
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-
trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way
of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a
knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a

mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denyest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help.

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

[*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn.

This is some fellow

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
As they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn.

What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so
much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you
in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I
will not be, though I should win your displeasure to
entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him nay :

It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you,—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !—
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks !
[Stocks brought out.]

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't : your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemn'd st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the stocks.]
Come, my lord, away. [Exeunt all but GLOSTER and KENT.]

Glo. I am scrry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good-morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies,—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good-night: smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*The open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Before GLOSTER'S Castle. KENT in the Stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied
by the head; dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the
loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at
legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents

They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,—
 Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
 Having more man than wit about me, drew:
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries,
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers that bear bags
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sorrow,
 Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Stay here. Follow me not;
[Exit.]

Gent. Mad you no more offence but what you speak of?
Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
 The images of revolt and flying off.
 Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
 You know the fiery quality of the duke;
 How unremovable and fix'd he is
 In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
 Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,
 I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear
 father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fall'n out with my more headier will

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion of the duke and her

Practice only. Give me my servant forth.

To tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum

Till it cry *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down!

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II

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down!* 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultrous.—O, are you free? [To *KENT*.—Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe With how depriv'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return; Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [Kneeling.
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks: Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*rising.*] Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
 Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
 You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
 Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in: thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
 Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't,—my sister's: this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
 Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
 Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
 Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
 Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
 Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? [*To GONERIL.*]
 O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offend
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life a-foot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [Pointing to Osw.]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house,
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack
you,

We could control them. If you will come to me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you

To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more

Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all,—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number. What, must I come to you

With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd

When others are more wicked; not being the worst

Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:

[To GONERIL.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,

And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall,—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool
Storm heard at a distance.]

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men

The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have,—as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?—servants who seem no less,
Which are to France the spics and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;—
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better
than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy
daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men
nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,—

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd ;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,—return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little tiny wit,— [Singing.
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:—

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't
That going shall be us'd with feet.

'This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.
[*Erit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A part of the Heath with a Hovel.*
Storm continues.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
In, boy; go first [*to the Fool*].—You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor

Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul
fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through
ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid
knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set rats-
bane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride
on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course
his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—Tom's
a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirl-
winds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some
charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him
now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all
shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—

Halloo, halloo, loo loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep
thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn
spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's
a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that
curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of
my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her;
swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in
the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of
lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice
dearly; and in women out-paramoured the Turk: false of
heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in
stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.
Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks
betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of
brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders'
books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the haw-
thorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.

[Storm still continues.]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer
with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is
man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest
the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the
cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated!
—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no
more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off,
off, you lendings!—Come, unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;

He met the nightmare and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;—

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life

But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend.—

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature
thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's
evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking
merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent

to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLO.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [*To EDGAR.*
Thou, sapient sir, sit here [*to the Fool*].—Now, you she-foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To EDGAR.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side:—you are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [*To KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,—
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—[*To EDGAR.*] You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:— This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLO., and Fool, bearing off LEAR.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind: But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend makes the king bow; He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away! Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray, When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependents, Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell. [*Exeunt* GON., EDM., and OSW.]

Go seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find,—
[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover. [peril,—

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key,*
All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his chair, while CORNWALL
plucks out one of his eyes and sets his foot on it.*]

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

1 Serv.

Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg.

How now, you dog!

1 Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

[Draws, and runs at him.]

1 Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword *[to another Servant]*.—A peasant stand up thus!

[Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

1 Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on them.—O!

[Dies.]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[Tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it on the ground.]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg.

Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo.

O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look
you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN; Servants unbind

GLOSTER and lead him out.]

2 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do
If this man come to good.

3 Serv.

If she live long,

And in the end meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters.

2 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam.

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

· 3 *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [aside.] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo.

Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [aside.] How should this be?—

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man.

Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. *[Exit.]*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—*[Aside.]* I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:—bless
thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends
have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*;
Hobbidance, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing;
Modo, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing,
—who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.
So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens'
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier;—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg.

Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the DUKE OF ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like offensive.

Gon.

Then shall you go no further,

[*To EDMUND.*]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon.

My most dear Gloucester.

[*Exit* EDMUND.]

O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.*Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit.*]*Enter* ALBANY.*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.*Alb.*

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns its origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
Alack, why does he so?

Alb.

See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon.

O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The French Camp near Dover.**Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur la Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears Were like a better day: those happy smilets That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd if all Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of *father* Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*

Kent! *father! sisters! What, 's the storm? 's the night?*

*Let pity not be believ'd!—*There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd: then away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear 's i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own unkind-
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her [ness,
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him : some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The French Camp. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he : why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea ; singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—What can
man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam :

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor.

All bless'd secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to desecry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike
Something,—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather,—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here

She gave strange eyeliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

Reg.

Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be indeed:

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How
fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy

Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:—you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now, fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir:—farewell,—

[*GLOSTER leaps, and falls along.*]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle.—Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the
king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-
keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse!
Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—
There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up
the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the
clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!—They flattered
me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard.

ere the black ones were there. To say *ay* and *no* to everything I said!—*Ay* and *no*, too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;—
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

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K

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air

We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools—This' a good block:—

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter,—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying Autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
~~Past~~ speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worsè spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's
blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk
pass. And chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould
not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come
not near the old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try
whether your costard or my bat be the harder: chill be
plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor
your foins. [*They fight, and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death! [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You

have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg.

Give me your hand:

[Drum afar off.]

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Physician, Gentleman, and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:

My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the king?
[To the Physician.]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch,—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, COR., PHYS., and Attendants.]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was
so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg.

Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm.

In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm.

That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm.

Fear me not:—

She and the duke her husband!

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL,
and Soldiers.*

Gon. *[aside.]* I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—

Sir, this I heard,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor.
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Ereunt EDM., REG., GON., Officers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [Exit EDGAR.]

Alarum and Retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:—come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon 's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out
In a wall'd prison packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.
Come.

[*Exeunt* LEAR and COR., guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to
prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do't.

[*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers,
and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but asquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to GONERIL*].—For your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,—
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]; I'll make it
on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [*aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]:
what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[Exit REGAN *led*.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [A trumpet sounds.]

Herald. [*reads.*] If any man of quality or degree within
the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, sup-
posed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let
him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in
his defence.

Edm. Sound! [1 *Trumpet.*

Herald. Again! [2 *Trumpet.*

Herald. Again! [3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, and preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Herald. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods; thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which,—for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,—
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall for ever rest.—Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
 Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him
 Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man
 Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent, who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
[The bodies of GON. and REG. are brought in.]
See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. *[Exit EDGAR.]*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.
[EDMUND is borne off.]

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR,
Officer, and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones:

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Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion,
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nornoman else:—all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—you to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no, life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!— [He dies.

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

Kent. Break, heart; I pry'thee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me,—I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young

Shall never see so much nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*



ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a Young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*

An Old Man, *Uncle to CAPULET.*

ROMEO, *Son to MONTAGUE.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to ROMEO.*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to MONTAGUE, and Friend to ROMEO.*

TYBALT, *Nephew to LADY CAPULET.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to ROMEO.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to CAPULET.*
GREGORY, }

PETER, *Servant to JULIET'S Nurse.*

ABRAHAM, *Servant to MONTAGUE.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus.

Page to PARIS; another Page.

An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to MONTAGUE.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to CAPULET.*

JULIET, *Daughter to CAPULET.*

Nurse to JULIET.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations
to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and
Attendants.

SCENE,—*During the greater part of the Play in VERONA;
once, in the Fifth Act, at MANTUA.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which but their children's end naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords
and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John.—Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.
[*They fight.*]

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward!
[*They fight.*]

Enter several of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady C. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword!

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

Lady M. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave besecming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away :—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;—
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt PRIN. and Attendants ; CAP., LADY C.,
TYB., Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new a-broach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them : in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady M. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they're most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out,—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!—
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

What's entering there, that is not what it is—
 I'm sure that I, that look on, were in this
 I'm sure were not, how's that?

Hen. No, no, I rather weep.

Hen. Good heaven, at what?

Hen. At thy good heart's oppression.

Hen. Why, much is here's transgression.—
 I'm sure of mine own sin heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt purgatory, to have it sent
 With much of thine: this love that thou hast shown
 I'dk not mine grief to be much of mine own.
 Love is a sickness rais'd with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea surinch'd with lovers' tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—
 Farewell, my own.

[Going.]

Hen. Hush! I will go along:
 Ah if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
 Hen. 'Tis I have lost myself; I am not here;
 'Tis in another, he's some other where.

Hen. Tell me in sadness who is that you love.

Hen. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Hen. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Hen. But a sick man in sadness make his will,—

Ah, you'll ill say'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Hen. I am'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Hen. A right good marksmen! And she's fair I love.

Hen. A right fair mark, fair even is sweetest hit.

Hen. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd.

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor budge the corner of a pleasing eye,

Nor give her hand to saint-adoring gold:

'Tis not her beauty, only poor,

That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

Hen. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Hen. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste:

For beauty, near'd with her severity,

Keeps beauty not from all prosperity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit death by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,—
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there [*gives a paper*], and to
them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nest; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[*Reads.*
Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of

Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the lively Helena. A fair assembly [gives back the paper] : whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper ; to our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : my master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry !
[*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st ;
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires ;
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !—God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Jul.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady C. This is the matter,—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou'st hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady C. She's not fourteen.

Nurse.

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

Lady C. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me:—but, as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow.

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband,—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man,—took up the child:

Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holidame,

A pretty wretch left crying, and said Ay:

To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said *Ay*.

Lady C. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam;—yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say *Ay*:

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*

Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said *Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

Lady C. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Lady C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

Lady C. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

Lady C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

Lady C. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in
the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence
to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*—Juliet, the
county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six
Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visard for a visard!—what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this—sir-reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,—
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweatmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she,—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away!
he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two
men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece
of marchpane; and as thou lovest me let the porter let in
Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and
sought for in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys;
be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you.—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near you now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visard; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall,—a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.—

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand!

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight.

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. —

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what, dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain, Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the town

Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him, —

It is my will; the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:

I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd :
What, goodman, boy!—I say he shall;—go to;
Am I the master here or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you,—I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet.—What,—cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *[Exit.]*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand *[To JULIET.]*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. *[Kissing her.]*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night.—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah [to 2 *Cap.*], by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? What's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, "Juliet!"*]

Nurse. Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair for which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers us'd to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved anywhere:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied;
Cry but, Ah me! pronounce but, Love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young auburn Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night.—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love,—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*]
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [within.] Madam!

Jul. I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [within.] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come :—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good-morrow, father!

Fri. L. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uprous'd by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy St. Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then,—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed
with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear
with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he
is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as
you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;
rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your
bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a
duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first
and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto
reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantas-
ticoes; these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good
blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is
not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be
thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-
mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the
new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?
O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench,—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose,—

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump; that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[*singing*] lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;

And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady,—
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there's
a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife
aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very
toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her
that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a
letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for
the dog: no; I know it begins with some other letter:—
and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit ROMEO.*—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit PETER.]*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; *[sad ?]*
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile;—
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know
not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;
and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be
not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not
the flower of courtesy,—but I'll warrant him as gentle as
a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have
you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother!—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

*Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,—
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone [work;
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he
enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon
the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and by

the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes;—what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace with you, sir.—Here comes my man.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste,
lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!—

Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.—

Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio.—

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped.—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben.

What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman.—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.—

Stand not amaz'd. The prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady C. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure.—All this,—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady C. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio:
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phœton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night;—come, Romeo,—come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night,—come, loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter Nurse with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,

And that bare vowel I shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I if there be such an I;

Or those eyes shut that make thee answer I.

If he be slain, say I; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin and my dearer lord?—

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*.—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; —
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, —
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished, — to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead: *Romeo is banished*, —
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. —
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be
 spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man :
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,—
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say banishment.

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death,—then banished
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished,—
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly.
 And say'st thou yet that exile is not death!
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me; banished?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word banishment?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,—
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not,—talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
 Might-like, enfold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. L. Hark how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo,
 arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile;—stand up; [*Knocking.*]
 Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!

What simpleness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]
 Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in and you shall know my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L.

Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,—
Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:—
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the priuice, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good-night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good-night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I; well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good-night: commend me to your daughter.

Lady C. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next,—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Afore me, it is so very very late
That we may call it early by and by.—
Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*An open Gallery to JULIET's Chamber,
overlooking the Garden.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go.—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk,—it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is,—hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light,—more dark and dark our
woes!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*Descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit below.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady C. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

Lady C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. [death

Lady C. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady C. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady C. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it,

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

Lady C. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady C. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady C. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed!

Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

Lady C. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have; but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud:—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

Lady C. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good-den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

Lady C. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd, and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, *I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you pardon me;*—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

[*Exit.*]

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady C. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
Is banished ; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. From my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd.—

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price

Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then,—as the manner of our country is,—
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[Exit first Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.—

[Exit second Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady C. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.]

Lady C. We shall be short in our provision :
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

Lady C. Good-night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down her dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:—
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festered in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[Throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—*Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
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The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady C. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

What's there ?

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*—] Sirrah,
fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day :

The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would :—I hear him near.—

[*Music within.*]

Nurse !—wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say !

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up ;

I'll go and chat with Paris :—hie, make haste,
Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber ; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—fast, I warrant her, she :—

Why, lamb !—why, lady !—fie, you slug-a-bed !—

Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweetheart !—why, bride !—

What, not a word ?—you take your pennyworths now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you!—lady! lady! lady!—
Alas, alas!—Help, help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady C. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

Lady C. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accurs'd time! unfortunatè old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady C. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day

Hath death lain with thy bride:—there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady C. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
 Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
 O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
 Never was seen so black a day as this:
 O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
 Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
 O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
 Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
 To murder, murder our solemnity?—
 O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
 Dead art thou, dead!—alack, my child is dead;
 And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
 not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most you sought was her promotion;
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd.
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself!
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well married that lives married long;
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt CAP., LADY CAP., PARIS, and Friar.*]

1 Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*]

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, Heart's ease:*
O, an you will have me live, play *Heart's ease.*

1 Mus. Why *Heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays *My heart is full of woe*: O, play me some merry dump to comfort me.

1 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1 Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek,—I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crochets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—

why *silver sound*? why *music with her silver sound*?—What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say *silver sound* because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will sa
for you. It is music with her silver sound because musician
have no gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exi*

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry fo
the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeun*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone.
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—FRIAR LAWRENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard; in it a Monument
belonging to the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,—
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,—
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring,—a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:

Live and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*]
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[They fight.]

Page. O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. *[Exit.]*

Par. O, I am slain! *[Falls.]*—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!—

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—

A grave? O no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying PARIS in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death: O, how may I

Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy?

Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again: here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR
LAWRENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone:—fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*]

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?—
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents:—come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too:—come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*noise again*].—I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[*Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE.*]

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*stabs herself*]; there rest, and let me die.
[*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—

[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch with FRIAR LAWRENCE.

3 *Watch*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :
We took this mattock and this spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

Lady C. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris ; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch*. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

1 *Watch*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heaven !—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds !
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom !

Lady C. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris :—then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But when I came,—some minute ere the time
Of her awaking,—here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know ; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy: and if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, — I will look on it. —
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch? —
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? — Capulet, — Montague, —
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: — all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

VOL. VI.

Q

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former and Nephew to the present King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to HAMLET.*

LAERTES, *Son to POLONIUS.*

VOLTIMAND,	}	<i>Courtiers.</i>
CORNELIUS,		
ROSENCRANTZ,		
GUILDENSTEEN,		
OSRIC,		
A Gentleman,		

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,	}	<i>Officers.</i>
BERNARDO,		

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*

REYNALDO, *Servant to POLONIUS.*

Players.

Two Clowns, *Grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

Ghost of HAMLET's Father.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother of HAMLET.*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to POLONIUS.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and
other Attendants.

SCENE,—EL SINORE.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—EL SINORE. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good-night. [Exit.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twicè seen of us :

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night ;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber.

Sit down awhile ;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor.

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star that 's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look where it comes again !

Enter Ghost, armed.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar ; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar.

Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak !

Mar. It is offended.

Ber.

See, it stalks away !

Hor. Stay ! speak, speak ! I charge thee, speak !

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio ! you tremble and look pale :

Is not this something more than fantasy ?

What think you on't ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar.

Is it not like the king ?

Hor. As thou art to thyself :

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as by the same cov'nant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,—
As it doth well appear unto our state,—
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climature and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus
[*Cock crows.*]

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'Tis here!

Hor.

'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ELSinORE. *A Room of State in the Castle.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, —
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth and funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole, —
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: — for all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him. —
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: — we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: — and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. and Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOL. and COR.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

Dread my lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [aside.] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem;

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

To give these mourning duties to your father: [Hamlet,

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere

In obstinate condolment is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Exeunt all but HAMLET.]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— [you:
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham.

The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. and Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. and Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. and Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. and Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt HOR., MAR., and BER.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in POLONIUS's House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring

Too oft before their buttons be disclod'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
 I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you!
 [*Laying his hand on LAERTES'S head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well

What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:

If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly

As it behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

Wronging it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—

You must not take for fire. From this time

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,—
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Of breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,—
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons HAMLET.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—

Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [Ghost beckons.

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak ; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And, for the day, confin'd to waste in fires

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,

A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts that have the power

So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

From me, whose love was of that dignity

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage ; and to decline

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanel'd;

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glowworm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?

And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.—
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me:*
 I have sworn't.

Hor. [within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [within.] Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. [within.] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [within.] So be it!

Hor. [within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Hor. and Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
 To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
 You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
 For every man has business and desire,
 Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
 Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. and Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham.

Nay, but swear't.

Hor.

In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?—

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so
fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—
Or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,—
Swear.

Ghost. [beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in POLONIUS's House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, *I know his father and his friends*,
And in part him;—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And in part him;—*but*, you may say, *not well*:
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?

Rey. At *closes in the consequence*,
At *friend* or so, and *gentleman*.

Pol. At—*closes in the consequence*,—ay, marry;
He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman*;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

*Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth. —*

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b' wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey.

Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell!

[*Exit REYNALDO.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good-will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think,—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, *[Gives a paper.]*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

Pol. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief:—your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads.*
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified

Ophelia,—

That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—*beautified* is a vile
phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[*Reads.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not
art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most
best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him,* **HAMLET.**

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk or table-book ;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;—
What might you think ? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak :
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere ;
This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time,—I'd fain know that,—
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :
Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away :
I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.

[Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that?—[*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first: he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. — [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [to POLONIUS.] God save you, sir! [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Guil. Mine honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs

and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. and Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you? [To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. [*aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in,—the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for awhile no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Den-

mark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hand saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, comical, pastoral, pastoral-historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

48 J One fair daughter, and no more.
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [*aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why—

As by lot, God wot,

and then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was,—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was,—as I received it, and others whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine,—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see:—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

—it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.—

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accnt
and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'y-
thee, say on.—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he
sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* But who, O, who had seen the mobled
queen,—

Ham. *The mobled queen?*

Pol. That's good; *mobled queen* is good.

1 *Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threatening the
flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,—
Unless things mortal move them not at all,—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has
tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—
Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do
you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts
and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were
better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you
live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, better: use every man after
his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them
after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve
the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.
[*Exit* POLONIUS *with all the Players but the First.*]—Dost
thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of
Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends [*to Ros. and GUIL.*], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Ham. Ay, so God b' wi' ye!—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit

That from her working all his visage wan'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;

Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?

'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter; or ere this

I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal:—bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,—
As he is very potent with such spirits,—
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him

To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to enter at your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:

Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:—

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit QUEEN.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—[*To OPHELIA.*] Read on this
That show of such an exercise may colour [*book;*]
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*aside.*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham.

No, not I:

I never gave you such:

Oph. My honour, lord, you know right well you did;
And with these words of a sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again: for to the noble mind
Brief gifts wax more when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly: for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force
of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was
sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I
did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue can-
not so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I
loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but
yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better
my mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful,
ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have
thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape,
or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do
crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves,
all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.
Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play
the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for
thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go:
farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for
wise men know well enough what monsters you make of
them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 Player. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and belloved that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. and Guil. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe mine uncle : if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen ;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord :

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith ; of the chameleon's dish : I
eat the air, promise-crammed : you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once
i' the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good
actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the Capitol ;
Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a
calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O, ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know:
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou,—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now! [To OPHELIA.]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! *[Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.—Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin. Come:—
The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAM. and HOR.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,—if the r

of my fortunes turn Turk with me,—with two Provencial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command;

or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! —But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent

voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., and Players.

"Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

GUIL. We will ourselves provide:

Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil.

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear,
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. *[Retires and kneels.]*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. *[Exit.*

[The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. *[within.]* Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS goes behind the arras.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not
budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

Pol. *[behind.]* What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. How now! a rat? *[Draws.*

Dead, for a ducat, dead! *[Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. *[behind.]* O, I am slain! *[Falls, and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king? *[Draws forth POLONIUS.]*

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To POLONIUS.]

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture and on this,—
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband, like a milldew'd ear

You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this, —
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night ;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night :
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord

[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]

I do repent : but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.—
I must be cruel only to be kind :
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good-night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good-night, mother. [*Exeunt severally; HAM. dragging POL.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound
heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To ROS. and GUIL., who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat, a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done: so haply slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET.**Ham.* Safely stowed.*Ros. and Guil.* [*within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.**Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.*Ham.* Do not believe it.*Ros.* Believe what?*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication
should be made by the son of a king?*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king
best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in
the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:
when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and
go with us to the king.*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not
with the body. The king is a thing,—*Guil.* A thing, my lord!*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all
after. [Exeunt.]SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.**Enter KING, attended.**King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain
convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm
is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to
fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and
your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but
to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a
king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a
progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messen-
ger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself.
But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you
shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! *[Exit.]*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard; Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras

Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would aught with us,

We shall express our duty in his eye;

And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. *[Exeunt FOR. and Forces.]*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God b' wi' you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.]

SCENE V.—ELSNORE. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.**Queen.* I will not speak with her.*Hor.* She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.*Queen.* What would she have?*Hor.* She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.*Queen.* Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.]*Queen.* To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.*Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.**Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?*Queen.* How now, Ophelia!*Oph.* How should I your true love know [Sings]
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
 He is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Sings.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers; [Sings.
 Which bewept to the grave did go
 With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, [Sings.
 All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd the chamber-door;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis and by Saint Charity, [Sings.
 Alack, and fie for shame!
 Young men will do't, if they come to't;
 By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promis'd me to wed.
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
 All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions! First, her father slain:
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly
 In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
 Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France;
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.]

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this?

King: Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent.

Save yourself, my lord:

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
 Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. [How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke.

[Noise within.]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer.

I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you :—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot [bastard;
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude :—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation :—to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world :
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier; [*Sings.*
Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rain'd many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him
a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray,
love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's
rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-
grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a
difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some vio-
lets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say,
he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [*Sings.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye. [Exit.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter
for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound
for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know
it is.

Hor. [reads.] Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Castle.**Enter KING and LAERTES.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[Reads.] *High and mighty,—You shall know I am set
naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to
see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more
strange return.*

HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—*Naked*,—
And in a postscript here, he says, *alone*.
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
 As checking at his voyage, and that he means
 No more to undertake it,—I will work him
 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
 And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
 The rather if you could devise it so
 That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
 Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
 Did not together pluck such envy from him
 As did that one; and that, in my regard,
 Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
 And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
 With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
 And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
 And gave you such a masterly report
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especially,
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
 If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer:—
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do't:

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Lacr. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian.—Come,

my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself,—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit Second Clown.]*

In youth, when I did love, did love, *[Digs and sings.]*

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,

O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But ago, with his stealing steps, *[Sings.]*

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipp'd me intil the land,

As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once:

how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

[*Sings.*

For and a shrouding sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made

[*Sings.*

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine :
'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir ; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then ?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul,
she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the
card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio,
these three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grown
so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel
of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been
a grave-maker ?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day
that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since ?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that : it
was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is
mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his
wits there ; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are
as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

1 Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark : I have been sexton here,
man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot ?

1 Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we
have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold
the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine
year : a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that
he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a
sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull
now ; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth.

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Throws down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth which kept the world in awe

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—

But soft! but soft! aside.—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The curse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile and mark. [Retiring with HOR.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [advancing.] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaps into the grave.]*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: away thy hand.

Aug. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *[Exit.]*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[Exit HORATIO.]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
 [To LAERTES.
 We'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 This grave shall have a living monument:
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;
 You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
 That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
 And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again: making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 O royal knavery! an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,—
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor.

Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor.

How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor.

Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon,—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say One.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor.

Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember,—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of

him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant,—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: why is this imposed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*].—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he,—and many more of the same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on,—only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osr., who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts LAERTES's hand into HAMLET's.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong: But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punish'd with sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation

Till by some elder masters of known honour

I have a voice and precedent of peace

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet, You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table,—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*]

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [They play.]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*aside.*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [*aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence:

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[*LAER. wounds HAM.; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAM. wounds LAER.*]

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osreric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:

I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—

Then venom to thy work.

[*Stabs the KING.*]

Osr. and Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion.—Is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

[*KING dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,—
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.
To tell my story.— [*March afar off and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
*[Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which
a peal of ordnance is shot off.]*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

VOL. VI.

Y

1

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, *Brother to BRABANTIO.*

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to BRABANTIO.*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor, in the service of Venice.*

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his Ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*

MONTANO, *OTHELLO's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to OTHELLO.*

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to BRABANTIO, and Wife to OTHELLO.*

EMILIA, *Wife to IAGO.*

BIANCA, *Mistress to CASSIO.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messenger, Musicians, Herald, Sailor,
Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*The First Act in VENICE; during the rest of the Play at a Seaport in CYPRUS.*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,—

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war:

And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; for, *Certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, [costs,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago:
In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house : I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho, Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO appears above at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors locked ?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you're robb'd ; for shame, put on your
gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; what are you ?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors ;

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do

you service, and you think we are ruffiana, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you, If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,—As partly I find it is,—that your fair daughter, At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night, Transported with no worse nor better guard But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe That, from the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes In an extravagant and wheeling stranger Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself: If she be in her chamber or your house Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—

This accident is not unlike my dream:

Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say! light!

[Exit from above.]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place

To be produc'd,—as if I stay I shall,—

Against the Moor: for I do know the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,—

Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—

Which even now stand in act,—that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughter's minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo:—I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—VENICE. *Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law,—with all his might to enforce it on,—
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd
for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*]
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
Good signior, you shall more command with years [them.—
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion:—I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. —

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him.

I Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! — Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Council-chamber.*

The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account, —

As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference, — yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*within.*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

1 Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now,—what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

1 Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ; [*To BRABANTIO*.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Duke and Senators. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Senators. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this ?

[*To OTHELLO.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their clearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold:
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof;
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hairbreadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd
me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd :—
Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best :

Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak :
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress :
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,—
I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have dona.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor :
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
We lose it not so long as we can smile ;
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,

Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.—
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you; and though we have there a substitute of
most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress
of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must
therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new
fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects
 In me defunct,—and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant
 For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
 My speculative and offic'd instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it.

1 Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth.

With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.—
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 With such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

Oth.

So please your grace, my ancient,—

A man he is of honesty and trust,—
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke.

Let it be so.—

Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[*To BRABANTIO.*]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
 I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.—
 Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
 To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.

She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

[*Erit.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport Town in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,

Even till we make the main and the aerial blue

An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;

For every minute is expectancy

Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike isle,

That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens

Give him defence against the elements,

For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;

Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*]

A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, *A sail!*

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns within.*]

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid

That paragon's description and wild fame;

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,

And in the essential vesture of creation

Does tire the ingener.—

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed :
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*]

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome:—welcome, mistress:—

[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me if thou shouldst
praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh
i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her
that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed,—one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, *Now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*]—The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas

Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*aside.*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pry'thee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exit OTH., DES., and Attend.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come
hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being
in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is
native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches
on the court of guard: first, I must tell thee this—Des-
demona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but
for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she
love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think
it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have
to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with
the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and
to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour;
sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the

Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slippery and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most

profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,—though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty

of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,—
[*To DESDEMONA.*]
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good-night. [Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO and Gentlemen, followed
by Servant with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink;

[*Sings.*]

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

O, man's life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he

gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was and a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

[Sings.]

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think, then, that I am drunk.

[Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo! [*Aside to him.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit RODERIGO.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,—“Help! help!”*

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mon. [*Striking RODERIGO.*
Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny!

[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir:—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentle—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? [men,—
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the iale
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,—
As if some planet had unwitting men,—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night:
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour,—as it so fell out,—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—
For this was brief,—I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report;—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I'll make thee an example.

Des.

What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:

Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldier's life

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he is yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how come you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago.

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain? [Exit.
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god

With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that
hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost
spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled;
and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much ex-
perience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and
a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio;
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*—Two things are to be
done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.**Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, general.

*[Music.]**Enter Clown.*

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know.
But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so
likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake, to
make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't
again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not
greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away:
go; vanish into air; away. *[Exit Musicians.]*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece
of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the
general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats
her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither I shall
seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend.

*[Exit Clown.]**Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her

Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit IAGO.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CYPRUS. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—CYPRUS. *The Garden of the Castle*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pry'thee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—
I pry'thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of the best,—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pry'thee, no more; let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with EMILIA.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with
her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now,—thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, *Indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And,—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
They're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then,
I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pr'ythee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought 'twas witchcraft,—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you're mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
Which my thoughts aim'd not. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*returning.*] My lord, I would I might entreat your
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time: [honour
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much,
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe't.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago:
What he'll do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me!—it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so
To have me filch it? [earnest]

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,—
[*Taking him by the throat.*]
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:

One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say, *Sweet Desdemona,*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry, *O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then

Cried, *Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,—
I am sure it was your wife's,—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth.

O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago.

Do not rise yet.—

[Kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth.

I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth.

Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies is stabbing.

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *[Exit.]*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—*[Aside.]* O, hardness to
dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : she, dying, gave it me ;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't ;

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose't or giv't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of it :

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shar'd dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food:

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio and my husband.

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:

And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,

And shut myself up in some other course,

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so. [*Exit IAGO.*] Something, sure, of
state,—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, *Emilia*,
I was,—unhandsome warrior as I am,—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;

But I shall in a more continue time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—

As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me,

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *Before the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so?*Oth.* Think so, Iago?*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:

May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That's not so good now.*Iago.* What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab,—

Oth. Hath he said anything?*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth.

What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie,—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her when they belie her.—Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess,—handkerchief!—O devil!—

[*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
 And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.
 Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,—
 A passion most unsuited such a man,—
 Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But,—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago.

That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*OTHELLO withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that, by selling her desires,
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
 Ho, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
 As he shall smile Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour
 Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*]
 How quickly should you speed!

Cas.

Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. [*aside.*] Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. [*aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. [*aside.*] Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her!—what, a customer! I pr'ythee, bear
some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome:—
ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*aside.*] So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [*aside.*] Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is per-
suaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery,
not out of my promise.

Oth. [*aside.*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every
place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with
certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls
thus about my neck,—

Oth. [*aside.*] Crying, *O dear Cassio!* as it were: his
gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales,
and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*aside.*] Now he tells how she plucked him to my
chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I
shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did
you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even
now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the
work?—A likely piece of work that you should find it in
your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is
some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,

—give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. [*aside.*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Oth. [*coming forward.*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times:—and then of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night.—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio,—let me behis undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet and reads.*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [*reads.*] *This fail you not to do as you will,—*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,—
Oth. Devil! *[Striking her.]*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:
 Make her amends; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
 Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. *[Going.]*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
 Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
 Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
 Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!
 I am commanded home.—Get you away;
 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt! *[Exit DES.]*
 Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together:
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!
[Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
 The shot of accident nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is: I may not breathe my censure.
 What he might be,—if what he might he is not,—
 I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CYPRUS. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither.—Go. [*Exit EMILIA.*]
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd.—
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at!—
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

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Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er been
born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains:

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with
you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—alas, the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore,—
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*]
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago;
and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all convenience than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right.

He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—CYPRUS. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth.

Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look't be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt OTH., LOD., and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil.

Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

Emil.

Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
 And did forsake her: she had a song of *willow*;
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
 And she died singing it: that song to-night
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
 But to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it like poor Barbara.—Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des.

No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des.

He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, [Sings.

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

Sing willow, willow, willow;—

[Sings.

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland. [Sings.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then? [Sings.

Sing willow, willow, willow;

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.—

So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil.

'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Emil.

There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des.

No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great price
 For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know
The ills we do their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night, good-night: heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CYPRUS. *A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—

'Tis but a man gone.—Forth, my sword; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die.—But, so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!

[Rushes out, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st:

I will make proof of thine. *[Draws, and wounds ROD.]*

Rod. O, I am slain!

[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exits.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!

[Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me,—minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest'd fate hies.—Strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. *[Exit.]*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan:—it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and [weapons.

Re-enter IAGO with a light.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on

Lod. We do not know. [murder?

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [Stabs *Rod.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog! [thieves?—

Iago. Kill men i' the dark?—Where be these bloody

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen:—I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra.

Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O, that's well said;—the chair:—
[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress. [*To BIAN.*]
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*to BIAN.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out
o' the air.— [*CAS. and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on afore?—[*Aside.*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—CYPRUS. *A Bedchamber in the Castle:*

DESDEMONA in bed asleep; a light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*]
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling natur
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—[*Kissing her.*]
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets!—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late.

[*Smothera her.*]

Emil. [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So, so.

Emil. [*within.*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth.

Who's there?

Emil. [*within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word
with you!

Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.—
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in?—Were't good?—

I think she stirs again: no.—What's best to do?
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within.*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband! [band.]

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy hus-

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general!

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!—

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—

O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [*IAGO offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st
I found by fortune, and did give my husband; [*of*
For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,—
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? [*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt MON. and GRA.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword:—

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and
Officers, with IAGO prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello;—here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable.—
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [Wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraid's Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee:—no way but this,
[Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [to IAGO.] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]







